

Ad Interim and Ad Outerim;
OR,
CONFIDENTIAL DISCLOSURES
OF
STATE SECRETS.

BY THE
Correspondent of the "Alaska Refrigerator."



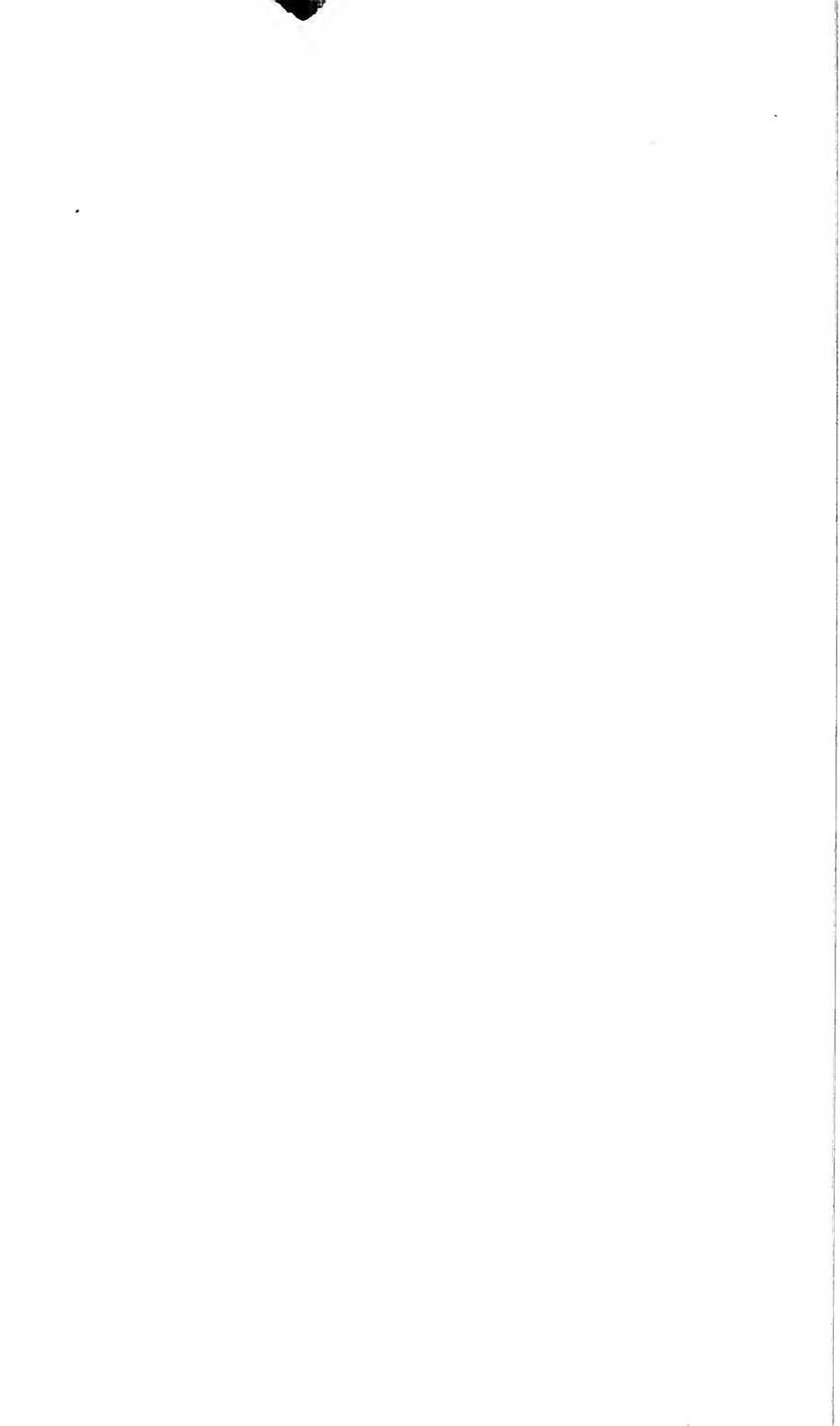
STICK!—p. 17.

SECOND EDITION.

Washington, D. C.:
JOHN C. PARKER,

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER AND DEALER IN PERIODICALS AND CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.
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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868,

By JOHN C. PARKER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in the
District of Columbia.

AND INTERIM AND AND OUTERIM.

"COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING."

THE pale moon is shining : the stars add their light
To mellow the gloom of a midsummer night ;
The walls of the White House with silence o'erspread,
Look paler of hue than the moon overhead ;
The sentinel trees on the lawn are asleep,
Nor reckon they the duty enjoined them to keep ;
The statue of Jefferson, calmly serene,
Looks oddly enough " a wearin' the green,"
(What fame for the statesman ! Alas and alack !
Why is it that he must be made a *greenback* ?)
While further off, Jackson, with horse poised in air,
Makes silent salute from Lafayette Square.
By the way, it may all be a fancy, I know,
But it seems that old Hickory's brazen chapeau,
Which he holds in his hand with a grace debonaire,
Would better be used to conceal his stiff hair ;
And 'twould be more in keeping if then his stout hand,
Instead of his tile, should wield his tried brand,
Horse-pistol, or any such weapon that kills ;
But I'm not an artist like Mr. Clark Mills,
And, pardon the self-abnegation, but really
hope, wish and pray that I never may be.
I don't like his *horses* ; it seemeth to me
They should bear the U. S., under-branded with *C*.
But where have we rambled ?—The quiet White House
Is as still as the tread of the velvet-foot mouse ;
Of the gorgeous display of the princely East Room,
There nothing remains—all is silence and gloom ;

Its "lights have all fled," its "garlands are dead,"
 There's no pensive fellow its carpets to tread,
 And alone o'er their "plushness" his salt tears to shed.
 (See the lachrymose song of the poet, Tom Moore,
 The "Stilly Night" called—you've heard it before!)
 But hark! there's a sound from the upper west Hall,
 It threads through the gloom with a tone to appall,
 It moans through the vestibule, door-keepers start!
 At intervals marked like the throbs of the heart.
 It shakes the bright prisms of each chandelier,
 And pierces the drum of each statuette's ear;
 It is much more than kin, perhaps less than kind,
 To the growling we hear from the mid-winter wind;
 It swells now *crescendo*, with might and with main,
 And now *diminuendo*, to silence again;
 Now rising once more, with percussion report,
 It ends all *staccato*—a well defined snort.

It is not the roar

That cried "sleep no more,"

To wakeful Thane Glamis and "Cawdor therefore,"
 And set him at midnight to pacing the floor,
 His sins to think o'er, his misdeeds to deplore;

It is *not* a roar,

As I said once before,

That over and o'er,

Encore et encore,

Comes from the west door,

Like the wail of the sea as you hear it on shore:

It is only the President's *high pressure snore*;

Like Mr. Poe's scarecrow—this, and no more.

The snort just described as given *staccato*,

(No uncommon sound we may call it at that, too,)

Was the last closing note of an orchestral strain

That is played by dreamlanders, returning again

From the fanciful realms where in sleep they have sped
To the regions of fact; in this case his bed.

In dreams through camp and court he wore
The trophies of a conquer-*roar*,
But that explosive snort or snore,
Banished the monarch's signet-ring,
And left him president—*not king*.
He woke to hear Tom Florence shriek,
And yell out what he could not speak;
But then the cry was not "the Greek"
Led on by Mr. Mark Beau Zarris,
Which served so sadly to embarrass
The matins of the bloody Turk,
And brought him such a morning's work
As you or I would gladly shirk.

SCENES FROM ITALY—BEAUTIFUL FLORENCE. .

There Tom Florence stood in the half-opened door,
His long, unkempt locks with gray sprinkled o'er,
His dimensions in height about 5 ft. 4.
Of portly physique—long-bearded and gray,
His *tout ensemble* indeed we may say
Like the King of Clubs looks—if this is too hard on
The King, we humbly solicit his pardon.
He opened his mouth and proceeded to speak;
To speak—nay, to yell; and shriek after shriek
He sent at the President, who, like a ghost,
Sat looking bewildered from *pillow* to *post*.
These shrieks, yells or shouts when fairly dissected,
And each proper tone in its true line directed,
Each syllable given its own proper place,
The too audible sound smoothed down with a grace,

Was something like this—they may be quotations,
They sounded like one of Tom's usual orations :

“The Rubicon, I fear, is passed ;”

“The fatal die I know is cast.”

“Rise, or Greece forever falls!

Up, or freedom breathes her last.”

“Away, away to the gory plain!”

“Truth crushed to earth will rise again.”

“We know our rights, and knowing, dare maintain.”

“Who would be free, himself must strike the blow,”

“With his back to the field and his feet to the foe.”

“Roderigh vich Alpine, Dhu ho iero!”

“Once more dear friends, to the breech!” (he beseeches,
Whilst Andy takes hint and puts on his breeches.)

“Come as the winds come when forests are rended,
Come as the waves come when navies are stranded!”

“Ours not to reason why,

Ours but to do or die.”

“Away, away to the Paynim tower!

Nor loiter now in thy lady's bower ;”

“Strike 'till the last armed foe expires!”

“E'en in our ashes live our wonted fires.”

“Sound ye the timbrel! swell high the chorus!”

“Where breathes the foe but falleth before us?”

“And if on the gory plain we lie,”

“Big pig, little pig, Root Hog or Die!”

Quoth Andy: “My fears, Tom, you're trying to banter,
Pray settle down, won't you?—there's the decanter,—
And tell in plain English—you know it—the reason
For such a strange visit at such a strange season.”

“My liege lord and master,” said Tom with a grace,

First wiping the “Lost Bourbon” off from his face,

“May I drop down before you with cholera cramp,

If I haven't found out there's Achan in the camp."
 "A *can* in the camp? A can of what, fellow?
 Beshrew me, old boy, but I think you are mellow;
 Come, none of your *sells*, or your weasand I'll throttle;
 A *can*—what's a can any worse than a bottle!"
 "Go softly," said Tom, "I fear I'm mistaken,
 Did I say A-*chan*? I meant to say A-*chan*,
 Accent the penultimate, that is the rule

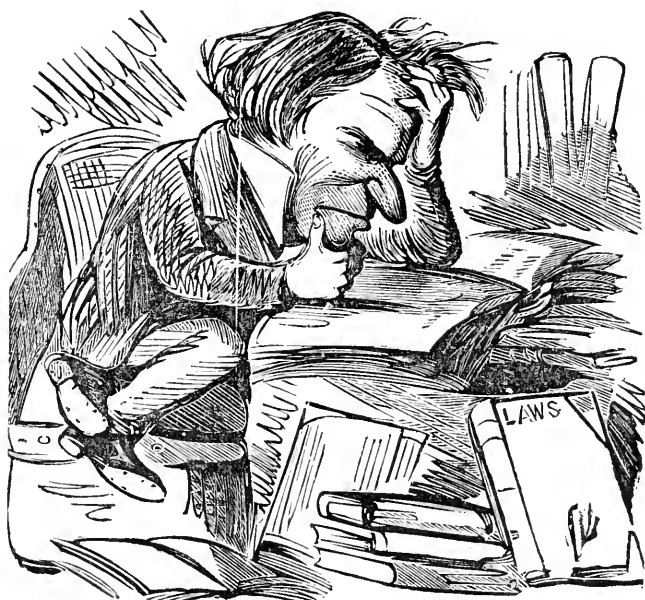


THE PRESIDENT BRINGETH HIS FOOT DOWN.

Taught me in my youth at the village day school.
 And here let me tell you the Achan I mean
 Is a spy, an eavesdropper, a tattling machine,
 Who hears all our plans; who lends us his ear;
 Who tells every word to our foe, it is clear;
 That Achan is Stanton, yes, STANTON, my dear."

"Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
 And shook his very frame for ire."

But what was the flame that in Marmion arose
 To the lightning that flashed athwart Andy's bold nose?
 Or what was that chieftain's most tremulous ire
 To the stamp of the foot of A. Johnson, Esquire?
 Then venting his rage in a genuine hearty-cuss,
 Somewhat like Forrest when acting in Spartacus,
 "Did you say it was Stanton? Ah, sooner or later
 I knew I would find out that fellow a traitor.



THE PRESIDENT CONSULTETH THE STATUTE, AND INDITETH A
 NOTE TO THE SECOND CARNOT.

Aha! Billy Seward, is this your Carnot
 That quietly lays such a treacherous plot?
 By the way, you speak French, friend Florence—if so,
 Is that pronounced *Carnot*, or is it *Carno*?
 But Carno or Carnot, he's a regular sham,
 I car' not for Carnot, he ain't worth a—slam
 Went the door of the room, and Tom never heard,

Nor could he guess out that last horrible word.
 "I'll settle his hash ; give him one for his nob ;
 I'll teach him what's what ; I'll finish his job ;
 I'll do it, by thunder ! Good night, Mrs. Cobb."

Then should you have seen the melting Tom Florence ;
 For joy, very joy, his tears rolled in torrents ;
 And shaking his liege with might and with main,
 Sighed out, " Now Richard himself is again !"

" The sun's golden gleam on my claymore now glances ;"

" Hail to the chief who in triumph advances !"

Now quick to his desk did A. Johnson repair,

To Stanton indited a note then and there,

Informing in words that could not be mistaken,

He'd better resign and thus save his bacon ;

To which a reply came like this, " Sir : Albeit

" Your note is so kind, yet I really can't see it ;

" If personal worth it be modest to vaunt on,

" The nation still needs me. Yours, EDWIN M. STANTON."

The Cabinet met next with awful decorum,

To bring the affairs of the nation before 'em ;

Yet one was not there,

All vacant his chair,

(He'd not been invited, as he will declare,)

And so the occasion was used to descant on

The villainous deeds of the missing man, Stanton.

Without a dissent to conclusions they came

To draw it but mildly, he much was to blame,

And that his career should forthwith be ended

Like spies in all camps, and that is, suspended ;

A strong prayer here went from the " head of the
 nation,"

That this same suspension might bring strangulation.

“I’d show him the fate that was meted to Danton,
 Or Robespierre was it? Oh, treacherous Stanton!
 I’ll see if unchecked at me he can scoff his fill,
 And show him the strength of his Tenure-of-Office Bill.
 But first, from more mischief the better to hinder him,
 Give Ulysses S. Grant the Portfolio *ad interim*.”

“I cannot mistake that Ulysses,” said Andy,
 “He often has served for my purposes handy;
 He went to the South as a friend of the Court,
 And, as you all know, made a likely report;
 He stood by my side, I also would mention,
 While I shed a few tears with the Weeping Convention;
 He shook the same hands without hesitation,
 Of the rebs. who had called on the ‘head of the nation;’
 Ay, more—when round that huge circle I swung,
 He lent me his presence—but didn’t his tongue;
 We’ve been on good terms, as all might have seen,
 And drank—perhaps water—from each other’s canteen;
 I’ll pump him, however, to be doubly sure;
 An ounce of prevention ’s worth ten pounds of cure.
 I’ll drop him if once he disposed seems to flam us,
 And put in some chap that will force a *mandamus*.”

THE WAR MINISTER—A MAN OF ORDERS AND DISORDERS.

It is now perhaps time to make special mention
 Of him who has caused all this direful contention,
 And give a pen-portrait ere further we go
 Of this mischievous fellow, the second Carnot.
 He’s a man, let us say then, without more digression,
 Who followed in life the legal profession.
 In matters of weight he could safely be trusted;
 His politics too could with ease be adjusted;
 His firm iron-will—his brusqueness and nerve,

All marked him a man well intended to serve
 The needs of the country ; so he was called
 To "take a portfolio" and duly installed'
 In a desk at the head of the Bureau of War,
 With power scarcely second to that of the Czar.
 He was cold, unrelenting, but able withal ;
 His brain was immense—his heart rather small ;
 He wrought for the *nation* a vast deal of good,
 But woe to the *man* who in his way stood.
 He raised or pulled down—he made or unmade ;
 Friend, foe or stranger, his hand never stayed.
 He writes a short note—ere the next sun is risen,
 You find yourself tight in Old Capital Prison.
 At George B. McClellan he fumed and he fretted,
 And then a detective—one Baker—brevetted.
 But still he could manage the details of war,
 And long will the nation be grateful therefor ;
 And long shall we value the general good
 Achieved by the man of large brain and cold blood.
 Now this is the picture *I* paint. If you go
 To Blair or Tom Florence ; to Black, Coyle or Snow,
 They'll give you an ogre, a monster, a beast
 In villainy dyed full ten times at least ;
 And if their rude picture should seem "rather tough,"
 Just go to "Occasional"—you'll get enough
 Of high-colored features, serenely benign,
 Of the man who would "stick," and wouldn't resign.

HIRAM, OR THE CIGAR WITH A MAN TO IT.

There once lived a man 'mongst the Netherland Dutch,
 Who always was *acting* but never *talked* much ;
 His words were so few, his followers, as I learn,
 Gave him the name of "William the Taciturn ;

For further accounts, *vide* J. Lathrop Motley,
 The Plenipo, who was berated so hotly
 By Seward, you know. He made the attack on
 The strength of a letter from Mr. McCracken.
 Now William the Taciturn, I'll dare to bet a cent,
 Couldn't compare with Ulysses the Reticent ;
 Hiram Ulysses at first was his name,
 But *Hiram*, however, seemed rather too tame
 To be yoked to a classical name like the other,
 So he dropped it one night, it gave him such bother ;
 Adopted an S, without more ado,
 And wrote it U. S. instead of H. U.
 For further details of his youthful career,
 You must look to the *Ledger*. His father, I hear,
 Has given the publishers ample facility
 To show to the public young Grant's juvenility.
 The feature exceeding all others by far
 Of this popular hero of silence and war,
 Beyond all dispute, is his constant cigar ;
 'Tis his pillar of cloud by day ; and its light
 Makes a very small pillar of fire by night.
 His speeches are few, as before we have said,
 But even the few he is said to have made
 Go right to the point, if point be in view,
 As witness the samples we open to you.
 Ben Wade says (I wish he might never say worse)
 That this same Ulysses is good to " talk horse."
 Another, (the man must have been in his cups,)
 Reports that he talks about " Marshal Brown's pups."
 And then Horace Greeley presents us the third,
 Completely reported it makes but one word,
 If word we may call it—but it was enough.
 In answer to Johnson, he merely said "*Puff*."
 But what would we care if he even were dumber ?

He knows how to fight on one line all the summer.
 Thus far he has proved the right sort of a man,
 And if he can't talk, there's Washburne who can.
 Not William B. Washburn, nor yet William D.,
 Nor the one from Wisconsin, Cadwallader C. ;
 But the Illinois member, *Economy B.*,
 Who calls all expenditure "pilfer and pelf,"
 And lays up all Bills for the same on the shelf,
 And one word for Grant talks, and two for himself.
 A son of Hibernia once kept a school
 In a town in the West. A lad of misrule
 Was one of his pupils ; he never was quiet,
 And kept the whole school in a Babelish riot.
 Pat called the boy up : "See here, my swate lad,
 Do you know your example's exsaydingly bad?
 I want nothing from you henceforward," said Pat,
 "But *silence*, d'ye mind? and *but little of that!*"

The moral of this each can point as he pleases,
 I've told you the story—my duty there ceases ;
 The old Latin maxim, which doubtless you best know,
 Is, "*Sile, et philosophus esto.*"

The second Carnot
 Now northward did go,
 While Grant takes his place in Bellona's bureau ;
 Nor ceases he there
 To puff his cigar ;
 Its smoke seems to him like a miniature war.
 He views the defences,
 Reduces expenses,
 Of the army of clerks he orders a census.
 In all that he does he gains approbation
 From all, not excepting "the head of the nation."

But now the autumn days are come,
 "The saddest of the year;"
 The days that chill the flower's bloom,
 That turn the leaf to sear,
 When chilling winds approach defiant,
 And "melancholy days" (see Bryant,)
 Announce the winter near.

And a winter 'twill be of great discontent
 To that man of much woe, the dear President ;
 For *Congress* has met to resume its sharp work,
 And won't be dispelled by the bright son of York.
 They have come from the east ; they have come from
 the west ;
 From where the sun rises ; from where it finds rest ;

And the song that they sing seems a mournful-like dirge
 To Andy, as upward its sounds swell and surge.
 "This body," says he, "that hangs on the verge, is
 Enough to appall even old Boanerges.
 Now Grant must retain an upper lip stiff, or he
 May be caught and impaled by this *Corps de Periphery*.
 But first let me send to the Senate in season,
 For discarding Stanton some very good reason ;
 And this is a good one—*I don't like the man*.
 A better excuse pray furnish who can ?
 If they cannot see it, my dernier resort
 Is then to compel them to look to the Court.
 No more down our throats with Carnot shall they cram
 us ;

If Grant only sticks, we'll force a mandamus."

* * * *

Now, horrors on horrors ! The Senate refuse
 To swallow the President's well-framed excuse,

And worse than all others—it made him heart-sick—
He learned through a note that *Grant wouldn't stick!*

Now here I confess that I haven't capacity
To solve a queer case of doubtful veracity,
That hereupon rose between this, our President,
And the man and cigar, or Ulysses the Reticent.
The President called his political family,
All of whom said Grant had talked rather *shammily*.



ANIMATED DISCUSSION ON A QUESTION OF VERACITY.

The friends of Ulysses this evidence baulked
By showing that he, the said Grant, *never talked*;
Or if he did talk, you plainly might see,
He said "tweedledum," and not "tweedledee."
The question in fact remains still a mystery
To puzzle the future compiler of history.

But Andy defiantly breasted the storm
 And wet-nursed his wrath to keep the thing warm ;
 While Florence, his henchman, with tragical frown,
 Swore he'd "raise one poor mortal or bring angels
 down,"
 "To the task and the times, he'd prove himself equal,"
 "Let those laugh who will," "We'll see in the sequel."

 The storm's at a lull ;
 The papers seem dull,
 Even that frisky sheet called the live *Chroni-kul*,
 Whose usual sensations,
 And trite dissertations,
 And fulsome laudations
 Of men in high stations
 Have gained them the name of John Forneycations.
 And that other sheet
 Whose name to repeat
 In rhyme here I fail—it has too many feet.
 I mean that old journal that each one bewails
 As the neglected orphan of Seaton & Gales ;
 Whose every column
 Comes to us so solemn
 With "dignified essays" as some people call 'em :
 In dullness profound it now seems embedded,
 Too heavy to rise—because "double-ledged."
 But soon stand from under !
 The sheet-iron thunder
 Will come with a clap to rend things asunder,
 And petrify all with fear, awe and wonder.
 There's a day in the year
 That we love to revere ;
 Alike North and South hold its memories dear ;

The day that presented our Country its Father ;
 What solemn and sacred emotions then gather
 In patriot hearts, as their musing thoughts turn on
 Our national Mecca, the grave at Mount Vernon !

But hark ! There's a stir
 In the streets, and a whirr,
 There's something unusual afloat, I'll aver ;
 Here, small boy, come hither !
 What news do you gather ?
 I know there is something remarkable, rather ;
 To the worst of the rumors employ tongue the worst,
 Nor let me (see Hamlet) " in ignorance burst."
 Responded the juvenile : Why, you old fo-
 Gy ! Haven't you heard it ? Why this yer Carno
 Is ordered to pack up his baggage and go,
 To git up and git, to skeedadle, you know,
 To travel, make tracks, to vamoose the rancho."

So, Stanton is granted a leave *in extenso*,
 His place to be filled by one Thomas—Lorenzo.

The order is given,
 But, oh gracious heaven !
 Stanton declines from his post to be driven ?
 His stubborn will showing,
 The order pooh-pooh-ing,
 He vows he will stand on his order of going.
 " I'll stick to this desk though it cost me my life ;
 I'll board, lodge and wash here ; I'll send for my wife."
 A note here is brought him in time just the nick,
 As follows :

Dear Stanton,

Sir :

SUMNER !

Yours,

STICK.

I may have that wrong, for my head's rather thick,
 And memory now and then plays me a trick ;
 It was signed, what's the odds whether Sumner or stick ?
 A friend with this version howe'er seems to cavil
 And says the note read not to *stay*, but to travel,
Cut stick! it was written, which means to scratch gravel.

Now hip and huzza !
 Father Antic, the law,



"COME, OH! COME WITH ME!"

Has grabbed our Lorenzo with merciless paw,
 And led him away with a phiz like a martyr
 To answer a summons from Chief Justice Cartter.
 And when to this warrant Lorenzo responds
 He is "held to appear" under "five thousand bonds."

"But hold! here's a go,
 We'd better go slow,

He may take it higher and beat us, you know."
 It fact it appeared to this Chief Justice Cartter,
 In catching Lorenzo they'd captured a Tartar ;
 And so when it came to the second day's hearing,
 The Judge not in Court but in Chambers appearing.

Complacently said :

" On inquiry made

He wasn't afraid

That the man who as prisoner there stood or stayed,
 Would work further mischief. He's a decentish man,
 If he's wanted again, why find him we can,
 So further proceeding I think best to stay.
 Lorenzo, my boy ! go hence without day."
 Tom Florence stood by and puffed like a porpoise,
 " By thunder ! Adieu to a *habeas corpus*."

Ere further we go, suppose we now have a new
 Look at the other extreme of the Avenue,
 And see about Congress, (Congress XL,
 The session, precisely, I'm puzzled to tell,)
Rat, tat, goes a maul from the man in the chair,
 When queer Parson Boynton offers a prayer ;
 He's gifted in prayer—but prays too much, rather,
 As though to the Lord, he, himself, was God-father.
 He tells Him the latest political news,
 And gives Him advice as you'd donate old shoes.

The prayer is soon ended,

The amen appended.

Just here the proceedings I misapprehended,

The prayer above lauded,

I thought was applauded,

They all clapped their hands ; every man that I saw did ;
 But a nice little boy, here my wonder assuages,
 He said : " 'Taint applauses—they claps for the Pages."

MISTER SPE-E-E-A-KER !

You may search east or west, among men who pay poll-
 tax,
 You'll not find the equal of good Schuyler Colfax.
 From this bold assertion I beg now you won't dissent;
 Has'nt he smiled "across the wide continent?"
 He "smiles and he smiles," but isn't a villain,
 The ladies pronounce it exquisitely killin',
 He smiles till all useless his cognomen, "Schuyler,"
 Henceforward they've voted him "Colfax the Smiler."
 He's blest with a voice quick, decisive and clear;
 The thing for a speaker; likewise auctioneer;
 His eye is a wonder—now would you have thought it?
 It must be contagious—each Member has caught it.
 (The boy, who has played in many a match
 In the National Game,—the sly little wretch,
 Says Butler apparently made a "foul catch."
 But stay! From my story I linger too long,
 So therefore *revenons a nos moutons* :

The prayer and applause
 Having come to a pause,

And this stubborn body that makes stubborn laws
 Having quieted down from the hub-bub and din,
 As the boy said, "so still, sir, you might drop a pin."
 Thad Stevens arises to speak, and his speech meant
 Just this, nothing more : IMPEACHMENT ! IMPEACHMENT !!
 "I'm off for the war path ; I've painted my face ;
 I've dug up the hatchet and thrown away grace ;
 From combat so welcome, I'll never retire ;
 "Till I bag the tough scalp of A. Johnson, Esquire."

But why ramble o'er the
 Details of the story?

Ben Butler and Boutwell just reveled in glory,

While Ashley looked on in deep silent wonder
 To see Bingham pilfer his own special thunder ;
 But all thoughts of jealousy speedily flouting
 He broke out at last in a camp-meeting shouting.
 Then Wilson, from Iowa, took a back track
 Because of some straw that broke some camel's back.



THE GREAT COMMONER ON THE WAR-PATH.

The veteran, Spalding, too, joins the array,
 With soul all in arms for the eager affray ;
 While Washburne—E. B.—then with volume immense,
 Exclaims for "impeachment, and d—n the expense."
 Said Schenck, "For his Oliver we'll give a Roland;"
 "Amen!" said Windom, and Lawrence, and Poland,
 "We'll teach him with travelers not to play pranks,"
 "Amen and amen!" said General Banks.
 "We'll fix him so he'll never break laws again ;"
 "Amen and amen!" said General Paine.
 "Well stir up his *otium cum dignitate*;"

"Amen and amen!" said General Beatty.
 "We'll see if again he will call us a mob;"
 "Amen and amen!" said General Cobb.
 "We'll give him a kick from Congressional brogan;"
 "Amen and amen!" said General Logan.
 "His tenure of office forthwith let us break;"
 "Amen and amen!" said General Cake.



THE FESTIVE ASHLEY.

"Not long in the White House will he be to lodge;"
 "Amen and amen!" said General Dodge.
 "We'll soon let him know what this old consarn's worth,"
 "Amen! Hallelujah!" said General Farnsworth.
 "We'll show him a fight never seen on a warfield;"
 "Yip! Glory to God!" said General Garfield.

A full hundred more
 Here rise to the floor,
 And join the "amens" with a deafening roar,

And never was Bill so *amended* before.
 I'd name the whole party—ay, gladly I'd do it—
 But really I haven't the rhymes to go through it.
 “Now a vote! ho, a vote! why longer delay?
 Impeach him! Impeach him! Impeach him to-day!”
 A vote then is ordered; the ayes and the noes;
 The speedy result then conclusively shows;
 The party coheres, but two doubtful men vary,
 The measures succeed—they didn't miss-Cary.

Amidst this confusion, and turmoil, and pother,
 I find I've omitted to name any other
 Description of party but that one which pleases,
 When Stevens takes snuff, to join him with sneezes.
 There is, let me tell you, another small party,
 To the right of the Speaker—some thirty or forty;
 Like the giant depicted by sturdy John Bunyan,
 That once was as strong as an army—or onion,
 But helpless and feeble now stands among bones,
 And growls and “makes faces,” but cannot throw stones.
 Just so with this party. It seems but a day
 Since through the broad land it held vigorous sway;
 But now, a mere pigmy, it stands in its place,
 Too feeble to bite, it can only grimace;
 Too little, in fact, to use much of a rod on;
 Too tiny for use: too small to thank God on.
 There's Woodward, with full stock of learning in store,
 And Marshall, well versed in the same legal lore,
 And Eldridge, and Chanler, and Boyer and Randall,
 Each less than a rocket, but more than a candle.

Then there's Mr. Ross,
 Who seldom looks cross,
 Tho' often with Washburne he plays “pitch and toss.”

And then Mr. Brooks,
 Through eye-glasses looks,
 And quotes very sagely from classical books ;
 With Cicero, Tacitus, Homer and Horace, he
 Seems quite at home to be. Then there's John Morrissey,
 Who plays a short role, the one best to his liking ;
 The others may blow—but he'll do all the striking.
 Then Fernando Wood,
 Now surnamed "The Good,"



MR. BROOKS DECLAIMETH.

And here, by your leave, let it be understood
 I surname him thus of my own free accord ;
 It has such a freshness, and newness, that word,
Fernando the Good! I mean to be civil,
 But what a horse-laugh that will bring from the Devil.
 "Of all the odd compliments ever in store
 With Greeley, and Bennett, and fifty-odd more,

That on his sleek head they so lavishly pour,
I ne'er heard the like of this last one before."

THE MANAGERS next. Here great pains was given
To make out the magical number of seven :
There's Stevens, and Butler, and Boutwell and Bingham,
And Wilson, and Williams, and Logan : no thing-em-



STRIKING LIKENESS OF THE MEMBER FROM NEW YORK (6th Ward.)

Bob fellow amongst them ; for each shining name
Is fit to be placed in the top roll of Fame.
Speaks Logan : " All duties but this I've forsaken,
So, men, let us ACT, ere our purpose be shaken !
But first let us have OUR PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN !"
" Agreed," say they all, and then, by our Lady !
Adjourn to the gallery managed by Brady.
Then should you have heard the fine compliments paid,

When Brady had captured each manager's head ;
 You hardly will credit the half, I'm afraid.
 Said Wilson : " Bowstring-me, like infidel Turk,
 But Bingham, my boy, you remind me of Burke !
 In your classic features I plainly see lurk
 His every expression—yes, even his smirk !"
 " Ah, Wilson, you jest,—but truly tho' told
 That nature made Sheridan—then broke the mould,
 The tale is untrue, sir ; Ah, you lucky elf !
 You're more like that statesman than he was himself !"
 Said Butler : " Let others assert what they please,
 But Stevens and Fox are as like as two peas ;
 It so must appear to every beholder ;
 Or would if Charles James had but been somewhat
 older !"

" Oh, Butler, forbear ! I'm too old to joke, sir,
 But I was about to remark when you spoke, sir,
 That *you* look like Windham, that prince of good breed-
 ing ;

I ne'er saw his picture, but judge so from reading !"
 Then Logan, and Williams, and Boutwell stand forth
 For compliments, each fully up to his worth,
 And looked like Sir Francis, or Pitt, or Lord North !
 A nice time they had then—a good time and jolly ;
 It seems they had recently studied Macaulay.

These gentlemen, learned in the legal profession,
 Next make a report to the House, in full session ;
 And in divers Articles plainly they show forth
 With many a *viz.*, and *to-wit* and *&c.*,
 How in the month of Feb., of the year '68,
 The 21st day—so precise was the date—
 " The man who now sits in the President's chair,
 Without fear of Congress did both then and there,

With pistols and bludgeons, *et cetera*, go forth,
 To murder one Stanton, &c., &c.
 He first there and then did, and next then and there,
 He then did, he there did, and thus we declare
 It a duty we owe to the people, and *sich*,
 To forthwith impeach the said man for the which."
 If this appears lacking in fact, or in diction,
 'Tis poetic license—at least, legal fiction.
 Now what of the man at the White House? Well, he,
 Assuming indifference, gives a levee ;
 His friends come in crowds, and with greetings full warm,
 Predict that it "cannot be much of a storm."
 But Florence, despondingly, ventured to throw a
 Wet sheet on their hopes, and remind them of Noah.
 Quoth he "Of the upshot of this I've my doubt:
 We may remain in, and we may travel out ;
 It comes most severe on my cuticle thin,
 That our going out, friends, will let Ben Wade in :
 And what shall we do for our provender then ?
 Ah, saddest words truly of tongue, or of pen,
 Are these : (Oh, Maud Muller!) We then may have
 BEN !

A surly old fellow, of doubtful urbanity,
 And shockingly given to fearful profanity !
 From his crusty presence I'd be forced to stay ;
 He thinks I revealed—and I did, let me say,—
 The joke of that mythical 'monster in gray'
 That tried with a tooth-pick to stab him one day.
 'Twould be a disgrace, sir, a shame, and a sin,
 To the scene in Macbeth all too nearly akin,
 To look at that chair, and to see Ben-jam-in !"

THE COMING MEN.

Now tremble ye lords ! There's a shout from the North !

It comes on the breezes, exultingly forth!
 'Tis a screech of rejoicing from strong-minded ladies;
 Whose champion chosen the doughty Ben. Wade is.
 They've met in convention—some old and some young,
 But each of them gifted with voluble tongue,
 And with them a few of that singular class
 Who would become women, but cannot, alas!
 So failing in that, do their uttermost then
 To show to the world that they will not be men!
 And foremost stands Tilton—I think he's the same
 That invented the hoops that go by his name—
 Arousing the zeal of his fair congregation,
 And urging grim war on the “lords of creation.”
 A long list of heroines first he arrayed;
 Semiramis, Dido, and Orleans' mad Maid;
 Queen Bess and Queen Esther, and Belle the Castillian,
 And so through a list somewhat less than a million:
 “With these bright examples why longer adhere
 To your own degradation? Seek out your true sphere!
 With broomstick for jav'lin—the dust-pan for shield,
 On clothes-horses mounted, away to the field!
 And panoplied thus, let us war to the ladle,
 But ladies shall vote; yes, and men rock the cradle!
 Arise and chant wildly your Amazon sonnets;
 Then on to the combat, girls! I'll hold your bonnets!
 Our whole social system, without stay, remodel;
 Charge, Mrs. Partington! On, Mrs. Caudle!!
 Flutter your streamers—unfurl your top-gallants!
 And sail in, my girls, we've Ben Wade in the balance!”

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

Amongst the Reporters I'd taken my seat,
 Just over the Speaker—a cosy retreat—

To note down events with a view to impart
 The same through that "Art, the Preserver of Art ;"
 When rises the Speaker with tremulous voice,
 And waves his fair hand just to silence the noise ;
 Then holding before him a queer looking letter,
 Declares, on reflection he thinks it is better
 To stop further progress, 'till he shall have told
 Of fearful reports that have chilled his blood cold :
 "This letter here says, there's a chemical stuff
 More vile than gunpowder—ten pounds is enough
 To blow up St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome,
 And shatter that structure from basement to dome !
 So potent in fact that the half of an ounce
 Sent the Clerkenwell walls to the skies with a bounce !
 Now two hundred pounds of this stuff we are told,
 In New York last Wednesday (for cash, cheap,) was
 sold ;

And think, noble compeers—suppose some dark night
 This villainous compound—and do it some might—
 Should be placed just beneath us ! And made to ignite !
 'Twould send us I fear through the roof in a flight
 Full twenty times higher than Guilderoy's kite !"
 (I never could learn, by the way, just how far
 In the clouds that kite travelled—it went above *par* :
 The figures, no doubt, can be had from Delmar.)
 Continued the Speaker : "Don't think I'm afraid,
 But other reports have been recently made,
 That Moseby is planning a plot to invade,
 And give us a taste of an old-fashioned raid.
 'Tis feared on his steed he may soon be a-straddle,
 'Tis *known* that he recently purchased a saddle !"

Just then a bright light shot athwart the gay ceiling ;
 A crash as of thunder came roaring and pealing ;

My brain commenced whirling, my senses went reeling.
 I thought the explosion had come rather soon,
 But come it had surely—and then came a swoon.
 I heard, or imagined I heard, as I fell,
 A sound like the bursting of millions of shell ;
 I saw, or imagined I saw, in the crash,
 The roof of the Capitol go like a flash ;
 While each of the Members, as if in a spasm,
 Went whirling and twirling direct through the chasm.
 But what seemed the strangest, (so wild are our dreams,)
 Instead of loud shriekings, or wailings, or screams,
 Each member went sailing through unbounded space
 With a jest on his lips, and a smile on his face.

But first through the air,
 The way to prepare,

Went upward the Chaplain with long streaming hair ;
 And would you believe it ? outsped his last prayer !
 Then *whiz*, through the gap like a full dose of senna
 Went Schenck as a high “looker-on in Vienna.”
 And then came a voice like a wild border slogan :
 “ Ah, who is there left now to mourn over Logan ?”
 Still game to the last, and to the last witty,
 Thad Stevens observed as he rose o’er the city,
 “ Here’s more reconstruction—but where’s the Com-
 mittee ?”

Then Julian—one hand crowded into his pocket,
 Shot up through the ether as swift as a rocket ;
 His placid face wreathing with smiles sentimental,
 “ Oh, isn’t it charming ; at least transcendental !”
 But Collax kept watch on the left and the right
 To see when they came up to Guilderoy’s kite.
 While after him sharp, as tho’ powder had sent ’em,
 Went Lynch, Pike and Blaine with most fearful mo-
 mentum ;

Exclaiming, as up through the azure they vaulted,
 "Pray don't think us haughty because we're exalted"
 But Cary careering aloft with the van,
 Seemed rather too high for a temperance man.
 And Jenckes of Rhode Island, with wanted suavity,
 Deeply regretted the loss of his gravity.
 Said Woodbridge, "I heard, as I started to fly,
 'Go up, oh, thou bald head!' some naughty boys cry,
 And gone up I am—'tis a fact, not a parable,
 But deeply it grieves that those boys are un-*bear*-able."
 Said Windom: "Each member deserves to be praised,
 Not often you hear of so many well-raised."
 And Kelley remarked: "'Tis exceedingly fine,
 To be ticketed free on a real air-line;"
 But Washburne confessed to an honest misgiving
 About the expense of such very high living.

And then Mr. Brooks,
 With satisfied looks,
 Seemed fairly translated, like most of his books.
 Still honest and good,
 Spoke Fernando Wood:
 "There's an awful mistake, let it be understood:
 They've checked me, I'm positive, for the wrong town,
 I don't want the *up-train*—I should have gone *down*!"

Just here my dream ended—and so shall my rhymes—
 A kick "brought me to," dealt by Crounse of the Times;
 While Mack, who *converses*, cried "Go it, my pal, or he
 May come here to-morrow to sleep in our gallery!"



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